

TALES OF TRUTH.

BY A LADY.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE

DUCHESS OF YORK.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

London:

PRINTED BY T. PLUMMER, SKETTING-LANE ;
FOR R. DUTTON, No. 10, BIRCHIN-LANE, CORNHILL.

1800.

19464.30*

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November 16, 1891

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AND SOLD BY THE

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THE SOLDIERS.

THUS thought Rodolpho, while Antonia was engaged with old 'Faithful' in preparing some refreshment for him, and a bason of jelly for her uncle. She returned, after a few moments absence from the room—

"What shall I call you," said she, as she entered, looking at Rodolpho. "When you were gone, I grieved I had not asked you your name—it would have been a pleasure to have repeated it. I called you

the stranger, when I spake of you to my uncle—but I wished every moment we were no longer so.”

“ I have wished it,” said Rodolpho, taking her hand, “ from the first moment I saw you ; call me, Rodolpho, your Rodolpho ; and may your knowledge of me increase as rapidly as my affection does for you ; to spend my life in endeavouring to make you happy is now my fervent wish, and my sweet reward should be to listen to your conversation, the echo of your innocent soul.”

“ And why can it not be,” said this artless maid, unacquainted with distrust,

“ I

"I never knew the blessing of a brother's love—you shall be my brother."

Ere Rodolpho could reply, the recluse, whose eyes had been closed, during this conversation, looked around him——

"Antonia," said he, "have you offered the *stranger* our temperate repast?"

"I have ; but he is no longer a *stranger*, my dear uncle, he is our Rodolpho, my brother."

"Artless, affectionate girl, thy pure heart Nature dilates with tenderness : may no cruel spoiler spot thy native whiteness, when the eyes that now view thy form are closed in death."

THE SOLDIERS.

“ You have always told me, my dear uncle,” said Antonia, “ that the Almighty hears with accordance the prayer of the innocent—every day I pray to him to prolong your life, and heal your wounded mind: he will spare you to me; my heart (laying her hand on it, and lifting her eye lustrous with the tear of feeling,) never intentionally sinned against the law’s nature and you have taught me, God has heard my prayers.”

The recluse kissed her, and was a moment silent—but his agitated nerves shook his frame. At length, “ God will make you as happy as you are good, my sweet Antonia; he knows what will promote it; I am a barrier between you and the cheerfulness

fulness that awaits you, in a world I can no longer enjoy ; self condemnation embitters every hour : endowed with qualities that would have been useful in society, I have checked their expansion, by burying them in this wood ; and perhaps some worthy beings have sunk under the pressure it was my duty to have relieved them from. Blessed naturally with a cheerful spirit, the herald of an approving mind, I have indulged the bitterness of complaint, till I lost that consolation, and despair succeeded ; an error of such magnitude as the deepest contrition can alone expiate.

“ While in the world, I considered myself liberal, glowing with humanity.—
O self-sufficiency of man ! how widely

doth thy illusions lead us from the convictions of truth ! Reflection, the consequence of self-examination, has taught me, that self-love was the centre round which my actions revolved ; the regrets I now feel flow not from their *first* source.

" My young friend," said he, looking at Rodolpho, " It is not the good I've lost, that I mourn—it is the reflection on what I've omitted to confer, which lacerates my soul, and is consuming my frame ; and this will be the endurance of every being who have not acted up to the perceptions of truth in the heart, unless determined depravity has given a callosity to his feelings which conviction cannot penetrate : let my experience check the ardent

dent illusions of youth—they lead to disappointment. Weigh every hoped for joy in the ballance of reason—her decisions will give certain expectation, or teach you there is nought to regret.”

“ Every event of your life—every sentence you have pronounced,” said Rodolpho, “is engraven on my memory. To my inexperienced mind they open an ample page, replete with instruction; may I profit by them; and in clearing from my heart the misconceptions that have led you to sorrow, may I appreciate and adopt those virtues which have shone so brightly in your character, and which at this moment attracts me to you with irresistible force.”

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Rodolpho, perhaps, was insensible how much the attraction was increased by the beauty, innocence and love of Antonia:—we are prone to value every path that leads to a desired end; and it is not a grateful truth to repeat, that we seldom regard it after the end is in possession—but let us not investigate the various shades in the human character; the display never yet added one spring to the cause of virtue: the wavering mind should be encouraged to reach the goal of happiness, that virtue promises, by bright examples.

“I intreat you,” continued Rodolpho, “to inform me how I can be useful; soon I shall return to England; suffer me to conduct you, and the innocent and tender

Antonia

Antonia thither : there I have a mother ; I have friends who will appreciate your virtues, and shed the soothing drop of sympathy at your sorrows ; there you shall forget them ; hourly occasions will offer to call out your native urbanity, and its exercise will chase sorrow from your mind."

" *It is too late,*" said the recluse, " the time of my fading is near, and the blast that shall scatter my leaves ; to-morrow the traveller shall come : he that saw me in my beauty, shall come ; his eyes will search the field, but they will not find me."

He paused, " Let me well employ the moments that are spared me ; you have
renovated

10

THE SOLDIERS.

renovated my suspended confidence in *man*; Antonia is absent ; I will impart to you my feelings and my wishes. Since I saw you, my decline has been rapid ; scarce can I sustain my sinking frame ; soon will the wheels of life stand still ; and after *me*, what will become of Antonia ? My selfish seclusion ! to what distress of mind has it subjected me. Antonia, thou art ill constructed to endure the rude assaults of ill-humour or neglect, of censure or adversity, and thy experience and innocence will involve thee in all (unless thou hast a guide) when thou art cast upon a deceptive, malicious world ; no friend or parent near."

" Deign to confide her to me," said Rodolpho."

" Have

“Have you examined your heart?” said the recluse, in a solemn voice, “know ye the influence of the passions? will ye have *mercy* on innocence, inexperienced and unprotected, if circumstances gives ye power over it? Can ye combat with wild desire?”

“*Yes*,” said Rodolpho, “all that man *can* do, I will; my power is not infinite, but my resolves are firm. I *fear* not; we are oftener vanquished because we are fearful, than because we are feeble: our debility takes birth in our cowardice, but genuine integrity is not to be absorbed by temptation. I am a frail mortal, but my heart is a stranger to deception; nothing

is

is more immovable than its integrity. Her innocence, her purity, I will guard; not one foul drop shall mingle in the fountain of her feelings, to cloud the sweet candour and chastity of her manners, and which are the charms that nature *designed* for woman."

The animation of his countenance; his eye that now lightened conscious virtue, now melted with tenderness; his voice which sincerity rendered firm, infused a comfort and confidence into the heart of the recluse, and fixed his resolves.

After a moment's pause, that the agitation Rodolpho's words occasioned made necessary for him to recover a less laboured respiration,

respiration, he collected the whole energy of his mind to one point ; fixed his eyes sternly on Rodolpho ; his cheeks were coloured with the ' hectic of a moment ;' his voice had the deep piercing tone that, like the last impressive effort of the dying, went to the heart.

" Young man," said he, " in the name of that being, whose presence I now devoutly invoke, him who holds the universe in his hand ; who weighs the earth as a grain of sand, the sea as a drop of water, and who lays bare to his view the heart of man, *swear* to protect the innocence of Antonia Delacourt."

" I *swear*,"

" I *swear*," returned Rodolpho, in a firm voice, " I *swear* to you in the presence of him you have invoked, to answer for the purity of Antónia, at the day of solemn retribution."

" Thy engagement is written on that page which time nor eternity can blot out, young man," replied the recluse, " and soon I shall be with him to whom thou hast sworn."

Antonia returned.

" Antonia," said the recluse, " come hither ; dost thou respect that young man ?"

" I love him," said she ; " he is my brother."

" O

“ O ! sweet is the love of a brother—tender and sincere the return of a sister. He will be thy guardian, thy protector, when thou canst no longer have me :—soon an immeasurable distance will rise between us—thou canst come to me, but I shall never return to thee : love him as thy parent.”

“ I love you, my dear uncle, and I love Rodolpho ; but they are distinct sensations. When I think of you, my dear uncle, I feel pleasure, I dwell on your virtues ; my heart glows with gratitude for your kindness, but I am calm, I tremble not ; my heart lies still in my breast. If I think (Ah ! when do I not) of Rodolpho, my
brother

brother, I tremble, my heart beats, and seems ready to leave its dwelling, and fly to him. I am pensive, a shade hangs o'er my mind, and yet I would not change this experience for the most joyous sensations I ever felt; it seems congenial to my nature; tell me, my dear uncle, what it is."

The recluse threw his eyes on Rodolpho, then on the artless Antonia; he instantly translated their meaning, and, clasping Antonia in his arms, exclaimed, "I will tell thee; *it is* love thou feelest; love, the heavenly reward that God has bestowed on virtue, and the most powerful spring of the human mind. It vibrates
in

in thy heart, Antonia; it thrills through my soul; grant her to my wishes," said he, looking at the recluse, "she shall be as dear to me as the life blood that warms my heart."

Be it so; I am content, and know the value of the jewel thou wilt possess. Lead her not into the region of grandeur and fashion; it will sully the chastity of her mind; even its contemplation wipes off the bloom of modesty from the cheek of beauty, that first ornament of the sex."

The recluse ceased; the exertion he had made, and the agitation of his mind, re-

duced him to a state of debilitation, that amounted almost to insensibility. Antonia had left the room, as soon as Rodolpho released her from his embrace; new ideas opened to her mind, the glow of native modesty that she felt, but could not define, coloured her cheek.

"I shall be happy with Rodolpho," said she, when alone; "but, alas! my dear uncle must leave me, he says, for ever—no, not for ever, we shall meet again."

The sorrow Antonia felt at that moment; on the reflection of her uncle's early decease, was more poignant than any she ever before experienced. How natural to the uncorrupted mind is the wish to share its enjoyments with those its most loves.

When

When new-born pleasure animates the virtuous youthful heart, *how* refined the feeling that flows from the expected increase participation gives; and *how* desolate the idea, that the loved being, whose heart would have refounded joy to ours, must quit us ere its full fruition.

Antonia returned, carrying a cordial to the recluse. Alas! he had fainted. She burst into tears, and hung over him in speechless agony:—In a few moments, he revived a little, but spoke not. His languid eye rested alternately on Rodolpho and Antonia, for a few moments:—a deep sigh then burst from his heart—nature sunk into quietude, and his wounded spirit fled for consolation to him who gave it. Grief

is variously distinguished. Antonia's was intense—she filled the air with her cries—called on every flower and shrub they had planted together, to mourn with her his loss. Rodolpho soothed, but did not repress her sorrow—he gave her the most friendly consolation that tenderness can bestow. *Silent attention, coldness and indifference, can easily find words; but silent sorrow is the language of true friendship.* Why should we harass the breast of anguish, by attempting to bestow a solace, which our own experience informs us, it is incapable of receiving? Grief flowing from inevitable ills, soothes itself much sooner into composure, than any outward effort can lessen—the most effectual balm nature affords.

Uninterrupted

Uninterrupted for some time, Antonia lamented o'er the livid form of her uncle, in the most touching terms of tender sorrow. "Where art thou, my uncle," said the affectionate enthusiast, "is thy pure gentle spirit, now wandering through the immensity of space, waiting for the last trumpet, that will call myriads and tens of myriads of souls to receive their final doom (cheering expectation to me) from him, who, enthroned in mercy and glory, will reward the virtuous, as thou hast taught me? or, art thou now hovering over thy afflicted child detained from bliss, by grief, at her complaints, selfish and unavailing. If so, blest spirit away; away to happiness, Antonia will no longer detain thee, but call back all thy wandering council,

council, practice it, and repose on the celestial assurance, that tho' thou canst not come to her—she shall one day go to thee. She remained silent a moment ; Rodolpho perceived the enthusiasm of her heart was consoled by this recollection, and improved the moment——

“My dear sister,” said he, “we have duties to perform ; tell me what you wish me to do ; you are my director now.”

“My dear Rodolpho, teach me to be good. I will weep no more, it afflicts you. I will obey you, as I did him I lament. I will love you.”

“Sweet assurance,” said Rodolpho, “is the last ; but my dear Antonia, you shall command,

command, I will obey, after we leave this wood."

"Cannot we be happy here," said Antonia, "with you, now my uncle is gone, I could live and die in this wilderness; every shrub, every tree, is dear to me; I have no wish to wander"——

"But my duty calls, and your uncle, in this paper, presenting his will, intreats you will quit this wood as soon after his decease as it is possible. Then let us depart, when his loved remains are deposited."—— She kissed the inanimate lips of her uncle, indulged for a moment a passionate gush of tears——

"Bless spirit," said she, looking upward,
 "hasten to thy God; I will repose in the
 guardian thou hast left me;" and she took
 the hand of Rodolpho, and cast such a smile
 of tenderness on him through her tears, as
 would have melted the frozen breast of
 an Anchorite.

— "I have no wish to wander."

What did Rodolpho feel!—An affection
 that made all others appear stillness when
 compared to the love which glowed in his
 heart. He pressed her tenderly to his
 breast: "Look forward, my loved An-
 tonia, to brighter days."

"I will:—but alas! my brother, had
 my dear uncle lived to join in the happi-
 ness of his Antonia, it would have be-
 nified

altered his sorrow. "I promised I would not grieve—why don't you check me?" said Nature must have her tribute; my sweet Antonia, she will seek rest in due time.

He soon prevailed on her to retire, and soon her sorrows were suspended by a slumber as calm as the lost repose of infancy.

Interesting to those of sensibility, are the sorrows of innocence; the youthful heart, unfeared by the thousand unnatural feelings to which an extended circle gives birth—tremblingly alive to sorrow; but that sorrow has nothing in it of selfishness.

it flows unpolluted from genuine feeling : the first pang it endures at the privation of a friend by death, is nature's, and is agonising ; but that yields to the reflection, that there is a region where peace reigns with all its calm delights, and that to that bourn the lamented is gone. The tumult then ceases, and the succeeding sensation, (tho' perhaps undefinable), is among those which harmonise the soul, calls home the erratic mind, and gives it peace ; and how that being is endeared, who has patiently borne with our wailings, while nature is receiving her tribute.—Antonia felt *such* was her sorrow, *such* her experience.

Rodolpho had dispatched a soldier to attain necessary aid :—the will of the re-

cluse

cluse expressed his wish of being buried in the recess of the wood, as soon after his decease as possible : he had constituted Rodolpho the guardian of Antonia, and added to *him* a solemn address to respect *her* innocence, and *his* own honour ! he read it without the least agitation ; he needed no monitor ; his heart was rightly placed, and dilated to the performance of his duty ; the ardour of his resolves needed no stimulus, in the zenith of his passions, that rose at raptures call. In a wood, with a beautiful artless maid, whose eyes beamed love, whose every sentence displayed inexperience of *man*, and who trusted him as the oracles of external truth ; not a wish entered his heart that honour would have blushed

blushed at. Happy Rodolpho! Bright thy example, bright thy reward!

Every wish the will of the recluse expressed on the subject of his burial, Rodolpho saw fulfilled. He and Antonia attended his remains to their last home, in the deep recess of the wood, that his own hand had fashioned. As our soldier stood o'er the grave, and heard the last earth rattle on his coffin—

"Ill-fated being," said he, in a low voice, "thy errors, as thou once expressed thyself, originated in thy virtues; may thy early doom, victim as thou art to a sensibility which, unchecked, degenerated into

into weakness, aid me, through life, to avoid thy errors, and cherish thy virtues."

When the rites of burial were ended, Antonia requested to be left alone in the recess, Rodolpho saw in her glowing countenance, and lifted eye, the tender enthusiasm of her heart; and the manner she preferred her request, indicated impatience at refusal; he complied without remonstrance, and retired a short distance from the now hallowed spot. Soon the voice of Antonia, sweet as the music of the spheres filled the air. She sang in sacred strains, that her uncle had taught her, o'er his grave. The tender piety of the deed, wound another strong cord of affection round the heart of Rodolpho.

"Where

“Where in the world,” said he, “should I have met thy equal? To the solitude of a wood I came and met happiness. I learnt to love as never mortal loved; no heart e’er felt the pure delights of a passion more enchanting than what now fills my mind.”

At this moment Rodolpho felt a reluctance to return to common scenes, and, during the soft delirium which enchained his senses, he determined, that to quit the wood, and join less sublimated society, than Antonia’s, was to leave happiness behind him.

“God shield thee, Antonia,” said he, as her last strain sunk on his ear. “God

shield

"shield thee from the sorrows of humanity." Never did our soldier feel so animated a wish for long life as now; and in the anticipation of exquisite felicity, his heart sunk; he looked still further in the perspective, and saw, that the day would come, when he must *part* with the being on whom his hopes rested.

The contemplation of the divinity in the human mind is a display of infinite wisdom. In the fruition of temporal happiness, we look forward to the moment when it will quit us, and hug the joy still closer ere it flies. In the experience of temporal misfortune, we are ever in expectation of future good: hope in our darkest hours still illumines the distant perspective,

perspective. It is these alternate feelings which keeps the soul in equilibrium, and enables us to sustain the changes which forms our inheritance, were there no checks to the joy which sometimes expand the heart, man would sink into inanity at its privation. If hope did not sustain us, the poignancy of sorrow would overset nature.

All is right—everything was soon arranged for their departure from the wood. Antonia took a tender leave of every flower and shrub she had planted; dropt a tear on those that were her uncle's favourites; and then, with a sigh, she turned away. The

"The hand that oft sustained your blooming beauties is unnerved," said she, "and I too must quit you."

She visited the now sacred recess on the morn of their departure, and leaning on the arm of Rodolpho, in silence walked out of the wood. At the skirts, they found the carriage of General C. ready to receive them, at the desire of Rodolpho.

Antonia continued silent, reflecting on the past ; her estrangement for ever from scenes where all her experience had been ; and that all, except the last event, replete with pure enjoyment, unallayed by wishes beyond her attainment, gave a new feeling to her heart ; she *lamented*, and

once asked herself why she quitted objects so dear to her, that had been the source of her pleasures? But the question was soon answered—she looked at Rodolpho, and her sorrow was appeased.

We may laugh at local attachments, and denominate them romantic idle prejudices; but its something in their favour to *know*, that they are ever the feeling of unsophisticated purity, and never appreciated by its opposite.

Rodolpho had sent a soldier to apprise Mrs. Marshall of the sweet guest he was going to ask protection for. To Theriton he wrote the feelings of his heart.

One

One of the most exquisite pleasures to which we are accessible, is the meeting that being whom our judgment and affection have selected as a *friend*, 'that necessity of our nature, the stimulating and restless want of every susceptible heart.'

Desolate, indeed, is that mortal, who has no friendly breast on whom to repose, when the storms of life assail! *Much* is pain lessened by *participation*; and without it there is no pleasure.—This charming sorrow chasing feeling, which a look, a pressure of the hand, can convey, that thrills through the nerves, and sparkles in the eye, was the anticipated experience of our party at the garrison, when Rodol-

pho's attendant announced his intended return.

Selina instantly began to arrange her drawings, place her books, then practised her songs, &c. and when she had finished, she besought Horatio to view her arrangement.

"Will Rodolpho think I've been idle?" said she; "am I improved in my pursuit? tell me, Horatio; for I am ambitious of Rodolpho's approbation: it is a peculiar felicity to receive the applause of him, who is himself a subject of praise; have I increased my knowledge?"

What

What Horatio replied, let a lover imagine, when he is told, that since Rodolpho's departure, they had studied together: love was *his* stimulative—*Selina's* incentive. Their accordant feelings were quickly evident to each other; and on the first indication Therston received of Selina's sympathy, he led her to her mother.

"I *love* Selina, Madam," said Horatio, "till this morn I never *told* her I loved. The moment I eased my heart, she replied: "Lead me to my mother; my soul is her's; so much at her command, that death only shall deprive her of my obedience. I own I *love* you; candour is natural to me; but if on imparting your
D. 3 wishes

wishes to my mother, a shade only darkens her countenance, and betrays disapprobation, I shall resign you to her wishes; convinced it is a daughter's duty to make her mother's happiness the first object of her heart; and the sweet assurance that I have yet done it, is the base of my present cheerfulness. Her smile, the herald of her approbation, gives harmony to my mind; I cannot live without it: it brings the sweet verdict of my own conscience, more cheering than the tumultuous applause of thousands."

Horatio's feelings, while she spoke, flowed not from the exuberance of passion—even her beauty o'er which filial love and duty (parents of such various and exquisite

quisite emotions) had thrown a superior radiance, sunk into forgetfulness, before the pure emanation of virtue that flowed from her lips.

“Happy mother of such a daughter,” exclaimed he; “and blessed, thrice blessed, Horatio, if such a possession is ever thine.”

“I would not, my dear Selina, tho’ my life were the forfeit, weaken the cord of filial duty that bends you to such a parent; and at this moment, *such* is the influence of your virtue o’er my mind, that, was it to lose the least of its present force, my attachment to you would weaken.

Mrs. M. was silent ; the mingled tears of gratitude and affection dropped from her eyes ; expression was suspended ; genuine pleasure is not loquacious ; in its first stages the heart asks rest ; *sorrow* is sometimes relieved by expression, but *joy* increases by meditation ; the heart loves to brood o'er its sensations ; when its source is refined, then participation increases joy. And can any pleasure be more exquisite than what flows from the conviction of a child's worth !

Selina sat down by her mother.

" I cannot give Selina splendour, my dear madam," said Horatio, " but I offer an honest affectionate heart, an unstained name, and competence."

" Charming

"Charming offerings!" (replied Mrs. M.) "they are the plenitude of mortal possessions; they are yours. I have observed your attachment, watched unseen its progress, with the vigilance of a mother. I have not questioned you—the delicacy of your conduct rendered it unnecessary; but a subject so deeply interesting to me gave a minuteness to my mental perception. The slightest indication attracted my observation; I waited the result with patience, and my prescience has not deceived me. You are a man of *honour*—a *man* in whom my soul may put trust; gain Selina's approbation,) looking at her,) if it is not already complete."

"It

"It is since sanctioned with your concurrence, my dear mother," said Selina.

"Take her, then," continued Mrs. M. joining their hands; "she has not wealth to offer, but she consigns to your *honour*, an innocent, artless, and affectionate heart. She has been an exemplary child—she will be a faithful and affectionate wife: the first is the certain prelude to the latter."

"May I merit the gift, my dear mother," replied Horatio, pressing Selina to his heart, "if ever mortal was blest with the prospect of perfect happiness, it is Horatio Thurston."

Selina smiled reciprocity of feeling.

The

The mother of a loved and tender daughter, whose only guide she is, on the fragile texture of whose life hangs her hope of protection from an unfeeling world, will, without the feeble aid of language, imagine the joy of Mrs. M. on the full assurance of an honourable protector for her child; and the virtuous maid, whose heart owns the claims of filial duty, will imagine the rapturous exultation of Selina's, and with *her* feel, that no melody is so sweet to the ear of a child, as the approving voice of a loved parent.

The charming interests of mutual and declared love had increased the pleasures of the sentimental trip at the garrison, only three days before the return of Rodolpho

dolpho was announced. The renewed endearments of friendship, and the fascination of novel attachments, were now to be added.— Charming assemblage !

Antonia, as described by Rodolpho, in his letter to Therston, excited love unseen : expectation, in this case, was a most luxurious sensation, and unlike our general experience, the reality exceeded the anticipation.

When Rodolpho introduced her, every heart expanded to meet, to admit her as its guest—the flexible tone of her voice had now yielded its liveliness to the soft, mild, cadences of sorrow, that sprang from, and communicated the most enchanting sensibility.

bility. The sweet placid smile of cordiality, that animated her countenance on her introduction, the lightness of her form, and the natural grace of her motions, rendered her a most attracting object:—her eye quick and piercing, wandered from one to the other, and was rendered more brilliant and expressive by admiration.

As soon as the charming bustle of a first meeting and renewed friendship had settled in calm delight, Antonia moved from between Mrs. Marshall and Rodolpho, and placed herself by Selina.—She made no apology—she was happily ignorant of the deceptions of politeness—new sensibilities were awake in her heart;—she was uneasy till she expressed them. There is an
insensible

insensible but forcible attraction often visible between young and virtuous females. To Antonia it was new and gratifying.

"I hope," said she to Selina, looking at her a moment, "you will love me."

"I love you already, my sweet friend," replied Selina.

"Come hither, Rodolpho," said Antonia, "come and share my pleasure; I have found a sister. Happy girl! I look around me, and see only love and beauty."

"Sweet child of nature," said Rodolpho, pressing her hand, "never shalt thou know sorrow, if I can shield thee from it:

thou

thou shalt have a mother also. I have one in England, who will love thee."

"O! Rodolpho," said she, "I now think of my dear uncle, (tho', in the experience of new joys,) good, kind, and gentle, as he was; but, alas! unhappy, I cannot forget him."

Theriton joined them, "And will you accept a brother also," said he, "are you willing to be mine?" She replied,

"*I am.*" Then the magic circle of nature is nearly complete, a father only deficient. A *friend*, endearing name; a mother, a sister, a brother. Look down, my dear uncle, (lifting her lucid eye,

eye, filled with the tear of affectionate rapture, look down on thy Antonia ; not an orphan cast on the world's wide waste, as once thy anxious fears presaged ; but a happy girl, surrounded by the amiable. In yielding me to Rodolpho, thou hast procured me *all*.—He was the herald of peace to thy heart, tortured by fears for me ;—he is now the protector of the child of thy adoption. Bless him, bless all the good. She extended her hand to Rodolpho, he pressed it to his heart.

“ This dear girl,” said he, “ every hour draws me closer to her. Who, my dear Therston, will value the deceptive polish of the world that has seen this enchanting

chanting maid! Her eyes, her gestures, every movement of her countenance speak intelligence and affection.

Mrs. M. had been silent—her mind rich in ideas, lost nothing of the scene; it was after the character of her early years.

“Sweet enthusiasm of nature!” said she, “the emanation of innocence, and its certain attendant, what an interest thou givest to each novel scene—thy dictates are truth, and ever hang on the lips ready to depart! Alas! why has the gross, the *sensual* habits of man made it necessary to give the painful lesson of restraint to the unpolluted mind.” She joined the magic circle, Antonia extended her hand—

"You are the mother of Selina—you must be mine."

A tear of tender admiration started into the eye of Mrs. M.—

"You are unhappy," said Antonia, looking mournfully in her face, "If I err, Rodolpho, you must teach me better; I have no other guide but my own heart."

"It is an unerring guide, my dear Antonia; follows its dictates:"

"But so many new interests, so many new emotions fill it," said the artless girl.

"They are all of affection," I hope, said Rodolpho, "Do not check them; they

they will be the parent of a thousand more.

"My heart seems too large for my breast."

She burst into tears.—"Lead her, my dear Selina, to her chamber," said Mrs. M. "Her heart, softened by recent grief, is depressed; the admission of new affections give quickness to the recollection of the past. Nature sometimes subdues herself; there is a certain point to which tenderness is a refined and exquisite pleasure; beyond it is pain."

Antonia retired. In a few days her feelings was calmed; she enjoyed

every thing she saw and heard. All had the enchantment of novelty; the pursuits of Selina she would follow; each day she became more intering; the sentiment, vivacity, and delicacy which belong to pure nature were blended in every action and sentence. Nothing on earth could be more docile; and the lively exultation she felt and expressed, when she began to comprehend the first principles of painting, was a triumph.

"When I can paint like Selina," said she one day to Rodolpho, "I will take your likeness; and when you are absent I can look at it, talk to it, and press it to my heart—it shall be my companion,

and

and Selina will paint *mine*, and I will give it *you*, Rodolpho."

Was it in nature to receive such touching proofs of innocent tenderness with coldness? It was not in Rodolpho's. With the most decided firmness of character, the most rigid honour, he united the most melting softness; a heart devoted, enveloped in the kindly affections of which Antonia, a maid, blooming in beauty, artless, and inexperienced, consigned to his power, was the centre. His honour, his love, were her guard. Woe Rodolpho, the serpent remorse will never sting thy virtuous heart.

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Rodolpho knew the necessity of conforming on certain points to the habits of society.—It was necessary her dress should be fashioned at the direction of tyrannic custom. The simple easy dress of the maid of the wilderness must be deserted; she must be arrayed in the external marks of sorrow—*often all* its indications Mrs. M. explained to her why her dress must be black.

She was perplexed.—“I mourn already,” said she. “This gloomy garb will not increase my regrets.”

“In the extended circle, by custom designated the world, my dear Antonia,” replied Mrs. Marshall, “there are certain established

established forms, to which we must submit, or we break its unity, and confusion follows."

"And is that unity worth preserving, that the colour of the dress can dissolve? If so, I intreat you, my dear mother, do not let me stretch the circle wider!—And do you comply with these forms if they are not accordant with your feelings? Does not the native impulse of the heart guide those who compose the world you talk of?"

"I fear not," said Mrs. M. mournfully, "primitive feeling is too often sacrificed."

"I cannot sacrifice mine," said Antonia. "It would be to part with my happiness."

"Ever hold them sacred, my dear girl."

"I am happy here," said she, "do not let us go into a world that chains down nature; return with me to the placid retirement of the wood, sweet abode of my pleasures!"

"We must not live for ourselves alone, my dear Antonia, there are relative duties we are called upon to perform. Our hopes, our joys, our sorrows are our own. The example of our virtues we owe to others. The first assemblage yields to time and circumstance; the latter should be immutable, and the more pure our actions,

actions, the stronger the claim society has on us to discover their spring."

Antonia was silent a moment. The idea that the world had a claim on her, that in the smallest degree she could strengthen the power of virtue, roused the native benevolence of her heart.

It confirmed Mrs. M's assertion, and, with a smile, she said, "Do with me as you please, my dear mother; I will conform to all that my conscience tells me is not wrong, and I will even yield to what I deem unnecessary, if you and Rodolphe wish it:—he is good, he will lead me through this, to me new and strange path ;
and

and whatever external circumstances may be, I can never be unhappy while I have his *love*, and the friendship I am now blessed with. She took up the black dress which lay near her. "I will put it on, but my regrets will neither be increased or diminished by wearing this senseless covering. Thy virtues, thy affection, and my tender but not selfish regrets for thy loss, my dear uncle, are chastened, and rendered soothing by the assurance, that thou hast changed for the better. I mourn no longer, but my heart is a sanctuary where thy virtues will ever live." She wept a moment, and then retired to her room. Every thing that restrained her feelings, that her own heart did not give a plain reason for, perplexed and teased

teazed her; and when she returned, her countenance was less lively. She made no remark on her dress, nor did her friends. "Time fled on its swiftest wing." Antonia was soon a proficient in painting—she was never unemployed.

"I want to resemble you, Selina," said she one day, "teach me to touch the piano. Rodolpho seems to prefer its tones to any. I have not a wish, a hope, unconnected with his approbation. How sweet is the applause of those we love; but I fear he applauds to please me. I feel very deficient. When in the wood I was unconscious of such a sensation—I planted my flowers, I read, I sang, I talked to my uncle; and when he had been
cheerful

cheerful for the day, the retrospect did not create a wish that had not been gratified, nor an expectation that the next day did not realize. Now my mind is ever pressing forward after some new acquirement, and till I have obtained it I feel dissatisfied with myself. A new and painful sensation.

At this moment Rodolpho entered the room, "My dear, Antonia, why are you pained? Why is the tear in your eye? He took his offered hand, and pressed it to his lips. "I fear I am not all you wish— that I this thought child is not fit for the work which you are going to take upon me. "Thou

"Thou art fit, my dear Antonia, for the abode of angels"——

"But they dwell not in this world, Rodolpho," said she.

"Will not my love, that knows no bounds, give thee happiness, Antonia?—My heart shall watch over thee—shield thee—do not doubt it."

"I never did witness the sweet emotion I feel, when you say you 'love me.' O! how lively is the response of my heart."

The doubts of herself, which the ill Mrs. M. had thrown out of her head of the world, gave birth to, faded; her well
cheerfulness

cheerfulness returned; she was again the sweet maid of the wilderness.

It was a refined food for the mind of Mrs. Marshall, who loved to ruminate on the variety in character, as it lay open to her observation, to view the exuberating tenderness of her nature, and the sportive-ness of her manner; to every idea as it arose in her mind she gave instant expression; and in all she said, there was an interest that first attracted your ear, and then rivetted your attention:—her ideas were primitive, original, as they flowed from the dictates of nature. Sometimes, after witnessing the tenderness of her manner to Rodolpho, and the warmth of her expression, Mrs. M. felt inclined to check the
flow

flow, and explain to her it was necessary to regulate her feelings more accordant to the manners of polished society, a flimsy covering too often for vice : but the idea was evanescent, when she reflected that Rodolpho was her guardian :—with him, her love and inexperience will be bonds of protection. To display the motly page of society will perplex, without informing her how to avoid its deceptions, and diminish her happiness. It will open insensible to her observation ; and as she views it, her heart will abhor, and retreat from its operations."

The relation the recluse gave of his life had made but light impresson on the mind of Antonia. We are seldom taught
by

by theory—experience alone convinces us: we must feel before we believe. The youthful mind is not easily impressed with the characters of suspicion, and never without suffering. O! why is it necessary to give them the lesson.

Rodolpho had been returned to the garrison only a few weeks, before he received final orders to repair in ten day to Philadelphia, in order to embark for England: and Theriffon had obtained leave of absence; and as soldiers are never certain of a moment's independence, they are in a constant state of preparation, ready to depart at the word of command.

The

The arrangement between Mrs. M. and Horatio, was settled:—to Selina she referred him for the completion of his felicity.

When Rodolpho told Antonia the period was fixed for their quitting America, a tear started into her eye; she thought of the recluse; a thousand tender recollections rushed on her mind:—Rodolpho pressed her to his heart, but did not notice her sorrow—its source was amiable—its silent expression would relieve.

Shall we be as happy in England as we have been in America, my dear Rodolpho? said she.

"I trust more so," he replied, "if my dear Antonia will give me the tender claim I hope for."

"You mean marriage:—I cannot love you more than I now do, Rodolpho. My heart is filled with tenderness;—I seem to have two hearts;—one, whose every recess you fill—the other, that expands to receive and return the kindness of the charming friends you have given me; and that feels for all the sorrows I hear of. My uncle consigned me to your care;—sacred trust! firmly kept. My heart fled to you, even before you asked it of me. What new sensations animated my flexible soul that eventful night! and when
you

you left us, methought the flowers lost their bloom—the shrubs withered—all seemed changed: My uncle drooped; the shade of the recess (dear hallowed spot) was more accordant to the temper of our souls, and we sat there, and hoped for your return: the brilliant sun, that used to cheer us, was now too gay.”

“We will not revert to the past, Antonia.”

Alas! never again shall I bend o’er thy sacred remains, friend of my infancy,” said she.

“Then my Antonia feels no interest in the future,” said Rodolpho, “she forgets that, in her hands, is the happiness of him whose every hope centres in her.”

"I am yours, Rodolpho; tell me what you wish, I will be obedient."

He pressed her to his heart; he saw, he thought of nought but Antonia.

The eve of the day that their plans were settled, that on their arrival at Philadelphia the sacred knot should be tied, that would unite their interests as firmly as their hearts were already joined, a small party of military called at the garri-son, who were in pursuit of some deserters.

Since Antonia's arrival, the ladies had kept a closer retirement than before. Selina and Antonia were not yet awake to the

the pleasure of being stared at ; nor did our Soldiers feel a wish to exhibit the beautiful friends ; they possessed not that puerile vanity which is gratified by exciting envy ; they were too sacred for the gaze of the licentious ; the contaminating breath of coarse flattery would have sullied the purity of their thoughts, by creating disgust : a kind of ridicule is attached to these sentiments, by those little minds, whose virtues extend no further than the limits of their interest, who assign so much importance to all the details of their self-love, and arrogate to themselves a degree of superior reason, because they have the *callosity* of indifference. Is then insensibility a proof of wisdom ?

The officers who commanded the party, were a lieutenant and an ensign—both young and amiable.

It has been said, Rodolphe formed few friendships, among that few was Lieutenant Thompson. At the time they became known to each other, they were both in Col. F's regiment: nothing could be more amiable than the character of Thompson; a feeling heart, and an intrepid spirit, (charming union, and general associates) that threw a stronger light on each other: a man of exalted birth and high rank, o'er which a spirit befitting his station cast superior radiance, marked his virtues, and appreciated them. Perhaps the knowledge that his family had been

been unfortunate, quickened his sense of the pride of his character. That is a powerful stimulative with real generosity to extend itself, and it is not a trifling gratification to a philanthropist, to assert *there are characters so influenced*, those four moralists, who are continually telling us of our weakness, remind me of those who visit the sick to enumerate their sufferings. Lenitives in either case are more effectual.

The great man became much attached to him, and soon applied to have the lieutenant exchanged, and obtained him equal rank in his own regiment.

Lieutenant Thompson was an excellent officer, minutely attentive to the duties of

his rank, and tender to his men; every circumstance that served to delineate his character, increased the ardour of his friend's attachment; he soon became his confidential officer and companion; there was but little difference in their age, so that the high relish of youthful ardour gave a stronger interest to their intimacy. The great man dropped as much of the troublesome distinction of rank and birth, as the *tyranny* of custom would allow him: How often is reason sacrificed to its supremacy, and who are greater slaves than the great?

Lieutenant T. was the son of a widowed mother, an American, who adhered to the royal cause; her fortune was diminished

diminished by her son's loyalty, and amply did his conduct recompence her for the sacrifice.—He divided his pay with her and her orphan daughter ;—every sacrifice he made to *them* was a triumph that conveyed more rapture to his heart than would the laurels of Cæsar, had he obtained them : and who shall tell the exultation of the mother's mind, at the assurance of his virtues, declared by his noble patron, and echoed by all who knew him ?

Such was Lieutenant Thompson ; his friend Danvers, the ensign, was an Englishman ; they loved each other as brothers. The intercourse between Rodolpho and Thompson had been interrupted by the latter's removal from the regiment ; they
met

met ~~and~~ with great pleasure, and in the social hour their hearts expanded to confidence: each related the leading circumstances of his life during their separation. Rodolpho's recital created high interest in the hearts of his hearers; and not a little curiosity to view the maid of the wilderness.

The history of Henry T's days formed a series of laudable pursuits; he told his prospects for the future; he looked onward with the ardour of youth, to added years of honour and happiness; his heart beat high with hope, stimulated by virtue, and erected on rational expectation:—so entire, so complete, was the complacency of his heart, that perhaps, in the moment
he

he was describing his presages, he thought them built on a base as immoveable as the duration of time: they formed a hundred plans for the future, all replete with expected happiness, when the horrors of war should be exchanged for the chearful delights of peace.

“ I hope, (said Henry) the poor mistaken fellows we are in pursuit of, will soon surrender themselves, that we may return and accompany your party to Philadelphia. I should be pleased to introduce you to my noble patron Rodolpho, and *entre nous*; I have a lively wish to be known to your sweet maid of the wood.”

They were but a few hours together, but each, as it passed, left the impresson of pleasure

pleasure on the mind. Enjoyment, such as young and sensitive minds feel, thrilled through every fibre, illuminated their countenances, and gave emphasis to their expression. There was more than usual warmth in the adieu of Henry to Rodolpho —

“Farewell, my friend, God be with you” said he, as he shook his hand: “If the musquet of an enemy, or the desperation of a deserter do not stop my career, we shall soon renew the pleasures of this hour.”

“Why this gloomy idea,” said Rodolpho, still holding his hand.

“Though

“ Though it will be evanescent in my mind,” returned Henry, “ it is *yet* natural, when you consider that every bush we pass *may* conceal an enemy ; and how strong the stimulative when a man fights for his life ; both chances are against us.”

When man attempts to look forward—how dark in his perception ! In his moments of *fancied* prescience he thinks he sees the impending stroke of fate, and presumptuously tries to escape the blow, he becomes awake to things that in his less self-important hours would have passed unheeded ; too evanescent for a name ; too minute to be arrested. *Vain* but impotent he collects his shadowy force, thinks he can ward off the blow, when in an instant

instant experience teaches him his imagined light is absolute darkness; a hand unseen directs the stroke from a point the least expected.

“In our most joyous moments,” said Rodolpho to Therston, as their friends were lost to their view, we are most susceptible of sorrow: the lightest touch thrills mournfully to the heart; “the parting words of Henry impress me more deeply than they should a soldier, to whom the idea of death is familiar.”

“The reason is evident,” said Therston. “It is not you who are in danger. A soldier bares his *own* breast; but he would fain shield that of his friends. He

views

views death in his own person with more absolute indifference than the philosopher ; but shrinks from the idea of that of his friend's with the weakness of infancy. Let us now return to the delights which life presents. I'm not quite satisfied, that thus conjuring up future *evil*, and such an evil as you point at, is the way to shew our gratitude for present good."

"Perhaps not," said Rodolpho. "Such ideas, while in the experience of felicity, may be reprehensible ; but they are human and have their use."

In a few hours after the party had left the garrison, General C—n, who had been apprised of the military arrangement of the

the regiment destined for England, and their intended embarkation, arrived, "America," said Rodolpho, as he shook the veteran's hand, "can offer little that would increase the felicity of the present hour, General." And he opened the library door where the ladies were seated.

The veteran had more sincerity than ceremony in his manner ; and when the first form of introduction was over, he cast his eyes round the circle,—“ I wish,” said he, as they rested on Mrs. M.—(after their circuit), “ I wish I had remained at camp.”

“ Why, general ?” said Rodolpho.

“ Because

"Because reflection tells me, that in a few hours I must leave the sweet prospect of innocence and beauty, which I now view; and the conversation which that intelligent countenance promises," bowing to Mrs. M. "*It* will check my present happiness, and gives me a disgust to the scene, to which I must return."

Mrs. M. did not, with the affectation of an half-formed mind, decline the compliment, by declaring the inadequacy of her powers to entertain, with a long string of sentences, more the offsprings of vanity than humility. She curtsied to him, and received it as sincere. She knew the strength of intellect she possessed, and dis-

dained dishonouring the endower by denying its possession.

She had no mean passion to gratify; she valued her mental powers in proportion as they enabled her to be useful, and exerted them because it was her duty. They neither excited vanity, nor an idea of superiority; she felt the value of the possession. Well informed minds converse with the wish to *increase* their knowledge by the observation and experience of others. They have no arrogance, what *they know* they suppose to be generally understood, nor do they attempt to erect a standard that all must follow.

It

It argues an insufferable stupidity to make our observations merely on the microcosm of our own minds, and to suppose that no other has the power of perceiving what we cannot see ; and thus confine the activity of the human intellect within the narrow bounds of our own knowledge.

May we not with as much justice think that a man's span is the measure of infinite space, or that the hollow of his hand is the measure of all matter, as that within his understanding is the limits of all truth?

The hours too soon fled that the veteran had proposed to remain at the garrison ; but every moment had been enjoyed, they pos-

the power of extracting pleasure from minute circumstances, that by general characters are passed over unregarded.—

Perhaps there were never six people more adapted to receive and give pleasure to each other. There was much variety in their manner and disposition; but as the principle from which all flowed was the same, the change gave a higher zest to their conversations; each heart emanated humanity; manifested a delicate and obliging attention—concealed or repressed the emotions of vanity, if any existed, and there is no human heart without a portion, betrayed no meanness of sentiment, or badness of heart, it follows, nothing that was said, however sharpened by what we call wit was acidula-

ted

ted with malignity, all was the result of mildness, taste, and a love of virtue.

Antonia's blue eyes sparkled; a deeper hue of pleasure diffused itself over her animated countenance; every sentence that gave birth to a new idea in her mind expanded her bosom with joy, and lightened in her eye. The general had the greater part of her attention.—His language was that of an enlightened mind, animated by a spirit free from the alloy and tumult of the passions, but capable of a going forth of heart that is so truly accordant with the tenderness natural to youth and innocence.

She was attracted to him, and he seemed in an element congenial to his nature; both the females gained his love, but a sensation something like *wonder* gave a stronger colour to his interest in Antonia. I believe it is natural to the human heart to have its feelings more deeply engaged for those whose destiny has been marked by *these* strong colours, which we too often falsely denominate romance. We are all inclined to depreciate what we do not understand.

Whatever was the interest he felt, it was amply returned by Antonia; her heart was alive, every point vibrated to kindness; and to smile on *her* was to ensure its return, and excite reciprocal kindness.

ness. Before experience teaches the artifice of man, our affections flow impetuously from the heart, nor wait for the concordance of the judgment, and how acute is the pang of disappointment when circumstances call out an unworthy quality, that was before concealed in some deep recess, and dispels the pleasing delusions of our hearts.

How fatal is the first view of human depravity, sometimes, to the morality of the future character, that either from that æra becomes factitious, and deceives in its turn, or takes an opposite extreme, commences misanthrope (of all beings the most wretched) and flies society.

Judicious counsel, during the pause of astonishment the flexible mind endures on its first experience would prevent much future evil ; but unfortunately we have all felt, recollection rekindles resentment, and we join in censuring (which only *irritates*) instead of endeavouring to prevent the effects. Every review we take of our youthful impressions, makes evident the importance of early correctives.

The general left the garrison ruminating on the virtues of the society he had left; his experience excited opposite sensations. Pleasure the most refined on observing of what virtuous youth, and tempered age were capable, and regret that so seldom they acted up to the various

and benevolent powers with which they are endued.

"I shall soon follow you, my friends," said he, as they parted. "God preserve and keep you as you are, and when we meet again we will form our own circle, and extend it only to admit the multitude that we may be convinced within it are the limits of rational pleasure."

How rich, how refined were the anticipations of our little party! The complacent whisper of self-approbation in their hearts. "Love, friendship, competence in experience"—nothing seemed capable of adding to their felicity, but the performance of that *sacred* act which gives to virtuous love,

love, parent of such exquisite sensations,
a still stronger colour.

The heart of Antonia reposed on Rodolpho. She watched his countenance, and by its expression regulated her's. She modified every idea of her mind to meet his, and was pleased to consider herself dependent on him. One of our earliest and most delightful impulses is to consecrate life to attain the love of friends; the idea of rendering ourselves independent of the affections of others is repugnant to the first emotions of youth. How sweet, how in unison with *joy*, a feeling more refined, more exquisite than pleasure, is the first dawning of affection in the innocent and susceptible heart, then it is we indulge

dulge the fond wish, and cherish the delightful plan of living in the affections of others.

Alas ! how soon comes the pang, and how bitter is that pang which assails the heart, when we find ourselves deceived in this illusion ; the affections of the soul wither, the gay colouring of life fades away. Errors are contracted which render us as dissatisfied with ourselves as with others, we grow languid, and are discouraged from persevering in that system of perfection with which our bosoms once fondly swelled. The soul now seems suspended, and endures the torture of doubt, we know not what to repair, nor what course we ought to pursue.—

Once

Once having trusted and been deceived, confidence retreats, and we are disposed to suspect without cause ; we seem to begin existence anew, but it is without hope ; we degenerate in character ; the interest of life is weakened ; we look through a different, a clouded medium.

Three days had elapsed, and no account had been received of the party who were gone in pursuit of the deserters. Our soldiers were anxious that they should return ere they left the garrison ; or otherwise, as they expected to embark almost immediately on their arrival at Philadelphia, they should lose the pleasure of renewing their sincere profession of friendship, and those engagements which in England were

were to be performed, and from which much pleasure was anticipated.

Can we too often thank the wise Dispenser of our destiny, for limiting our perception, when we reflect how weak is human resolution, and feel that to our short sightedness we are indebted for the portion of happiness we enjoy.

Where is the being, who floating on the full tide of prosperity, every sail swelled by the breath of joy, who views around him an extended circle of smiling friends and relatives, all eagerly looking up to him, ready to catch every opinion he utters, to give the voice of applause, and testify the most humble devotion to his will that would

would enjoy the present, if he was assured, that at such a period, he was suddenly to be deprived of his wealth, and the smile of cordiality, by the change, converted into the frigid look of indifference; the applauding voice into the bitter and loud tongue of censure; and where is the fond mother, whose hopes are erected on the base of her child's virtues, and whose happiness flows from that source, who would be able to look at that child without anguish, if she knew the moment of its dissolution: Would not that moment be ever present, and destroy every joy as it rose? And where is that man who could endure existence, if he was convinced, that at the expiration of a certain period, tho' that period should be extended to the
term

term of years which is supposed to complete the age of man, he was destined to deprive of life *him* he most loved on earth? Every disposition of the universe speaks the wisdom, power, and mercy of its regulator. All would be harmony, did not the discordant voice of man break the union.

To a feeling mind how hard is that necessity which forces it to check the flow of pleasure in the hearts of those we love; and how acutely is that sorrow felt, that affails us, when the heart is expanded with present pleasure and expected increase;—but such was to be the experience of Rodolpho and Therfton.

At

At such moments the best of us are tempted to arraign the dispensation, and regret our finite perception; fondly, but weakly considering we might have arrested the evil ere it arrived: Then perhaps the impulse is involuntary, and may be forgiven; but when time gives reflection, to murmur is to err.

At this period, when probability did not offer an idea, that ought could lessen the happiness of our party, an unseen cloud was approaching to darken their horizon; and the morning after the General's departure it burst o'er their heads, and overwhelmed them in sorrow.

At

At day break, a messenger arrived, requesting the immediate presence of Rodolpho and Thornton, at a cottage on the skirts of a wood twelve miles distance, where his friend, Lieutenant Thompson, lay dangerously wounded. Words would ill describe Rodolpho's feelings; but there are souls who feel, and who will conceive the agony of his—some such will read these humble pages—they also know that, in the character of Rodolpho there was something peculiarly felicitous for his friends;—his presence of mind never left him, not even in the moment that his heart was surprised by the most acute sorrow:—on emergencies he was collected and cool, and his perception of necessary action was minute; he possessed,

from being determined to acquire it, genuine fortitude, and repressed useless expression of his own sensations, till his energies had been exerted to soften those of others. He instantly wrote to Mrs. Marshall all he knew of the event, requesting her to soften, for him and Horatio, the intelligence to Selina and Antonia; and that he meant with all possible expedition to bring his friend in a litter to the garrison, requesting she would kindly allow him a bed in the most retired part of the House. As soon as this was done, he set out with Horatio and the messenger for the cottage, where a most melancholy and tender scene awaited him, taking the surgeon to garrison with him.

Before

Before the sad situation of Lieutenant Thompson, and his friend Danvers is described, it will be proper to relate the circumstances that produced it :——

When they left the garrison, they looked forward with rational expectation to future happiness ;—every object the perspective presented was of a kind to strengthen hope, that enlivens the heart, and the participation of friendship gave a quicker pleasure to the whole.—At that moment either would have sacrificed his life to the advantage of the other ;—they marched cheerfully on, conversing of the friends they had left, their expectations for the future, the union of our soldiers, their hopes of a speedy peace, when they

might all meet in England, where the mother of Thompson meant to settle ;—she was *now* under the protection of the English, not a cloud seemed to shade the prospect.

The gloomy reflection of Thompson, as he shook the hand of Rodolpho at parting—"If the musquet of an enemy, or the desperation of a *deserter*, do not arrest my progress, we shall soon meet again, and renew the pleasures of this hour," was not the presage of his mind, but the natural reflection of a man who knew the chance was against him.

Thus engaged, they marched on to a wood, where intelligence had been received,

ceived the deserters had concealed themselves ;—their search was soon over—the poor misguided fellows had taken shelter in the middle part of the copse, where the foliage was the thickest, and the way to it extremely difficult, and with the limbs of trees, erected a sort of hut, and fastened the branches of those oaks, (which grew near) round the erection ; and here they had hoped they were secure from interruption.

When the party came up to the spot, they were sleeping, four in number ;—they were soon *taken, fettered,* and led away *captives*, without the least resistance ; their once fancied security was now a firm barrier, that would have prevented an
H 3 escape,

charge, had they attempted it; they did not; hunger had produced a languor that made them indifferent to their future fate. It was evening, and, with their charge, they marched to a cottage not far from the copse, where they purposed remaining till day break. The deserters were placed with their guard in an out-house; and as soon as that was arranged, the young friends retired to the cottage: it was an humble dwelling, inhabited by an old woman, whose countenance was marked with the deep lines of sorrow; and whose sensations had once suffered that exquisite degree of misery, in which misery ceases to be felt; her heart was now torpid, neither excited to pleasure or pain; her actions were the consequence of habit, not reflection:

tion : She viewed them without interest ; Thompson requested she would shelter them for the night. A *request* instead of a *command*, the usual address of the military, relaxed her countenance—a degree of wonder animated her eyes——

“Can you spare us, my good mother,” said Thompson, “a little refreshment ; we have some unfortunate fellows without, who, I fear, have already fasted too long.” She briskly moved about, and soon placed before them the whole of her stock : Danvers divided and distributed it, ere himself or friend attempted to appease their own hunger ; the old woman sat down the while by her fire side, and her countenance assumed a milder aspect. She was one of war’s
H 4 victims ;

victims ; her husband had been a bad one ; he left her before the war broke out, to struggle with two infant sons. She reared them to nearly men's estate ; and just as they were *as able as willing* to repay her tenderness and care, by maintaining her in her old age, the war commenced. As long as it was possible, they remained at home, labouring in peace, never making the dispute the subject of conversation ; but the day arrived when they were *obliged* to take a part ; they must fight, or suffer imprisonment. *Compulsion* was the order of the day—strange contradiction !

It happened, that of the many parties who had, at different times, called at their cottage, and plundered them, the British had

had behaved with the most humanity. Gratitude is often a strong impulse in the untutored mind: perhaps that influenced the young men to repair to the English camp, and enlist themselves; or it might be more natural to suppose them influenced by resentment: that sensation which some wise speculator in the human mind denominates "a penal statute, promulgated by nature against mischief*:" it might be the combination that induced them to attach themselves to the royal cause: Whatever was the *motive*, the *effect* was valour; they fought bravely for four years. As they were sent to South Carolina, the poor old mother endured the torture

* Dr. Reid on the active powers of man.

state of uncertainty respecting their fate. At length a letter came from her youngest son, who lay in an American prison, waiting for death, as a friend, to relieve him from the torture of incurable wounds of body, and sorrow of heart.

"The letter tells a sad tale," said the cottager as she gave it to Danver's to read;—"it is a sad tale, I have *cried*, and *cried* again over it, till I can cry no longer."

She gave the first part of the above short account without the least emotion, in reply to the questions our friends had asked, while they were taking their temperate meal: But the kindness of their sympathy seemed

seemed in a small degree to soften her insensibility, and induce further confidence.

There is no receipt so infallible to beget affectionate confidence in others, as a warm and susceptible heart; the most rigid reserve falls before it, and perhaps its influence is stronger on untaught minds than on those which education have refined. Confidence in each other is one of our *first* impulses, and our *greatest* pleasures.

The letter gave a relation of events, the experience of which by thousands would only be purchased by a broken heart; the cottagers had stood the shock—its violence perhaps contracted, and gave it a callosity that prevented the deep traces of sorrow which a more enlightened and expanded

panded heart would have received and retained.

The young men had during the four years seen variety of service ; and received many honourable marks on their bodies ; and obtained the reputation of valour among their comrades, which it *may* be, *fortune*, and men in power thought a reward *too* ample to need addition by preferment ; however that was, their wealth nor their happiness were increased.— At length, and only a short time before the letter was written, they were sent on a foraging party, and encountered a party of the enemy, who were out on the same unworthy errand. A skirmish ensued ; numbers gave the Americans the advantage :

tage: The elder son of the cottager, with many others, was left dead on the *field*, and the younger taken prisoner.

The American soldier, whose musquet killed the youth, prepared to strip him.—Savage custom, and sanctioned by civilized beings! When he had taken off the leather stock from his neck, the blood left his face, and retreated in haste to his heart that was sinking within him, as he viewed the livid countenance of the youth, his lips trembled, his eyes had the broad gaze of horror.—Nature bled!—He gave a scream of anguish, and fell on the body of *his son* whom he had *murdered*.

A mark on the breast of the youth, and which had been given by the father with gunpowder, in infancy, proclaimed the tie. The father revived again, but the shock burst a blood vessel, and in a few days he died in the hospital with his youngest son; whose account before he left the world confirmed to him the truth, that he had slain his child *.

Such was the experience of the poor cottager; who, that has been taught the
nice

* This incident is a simple fact, neither added to nor diminished: would it were the only one of the same description, that occurred during that memorable war. It does not need a comment, every humane heart will lament as they read, that such things were."

mice distinctions of feeling, to refine on pain till it is extended to torture, could have sustained such complicated woe? Reflection would have burst the brain, and left the mind a chaos, or the cords of life would have snapped, and gave the sufferer peace.

Our soldiers were deeply affected at the short history of the cottager.—Valour, *one* of the parents of war, for a moment seemed less in their estimate.

“ Let us change the subject,” said Danvers, “ it enervates my mind ; a soldier must not think too deeply on the misery which war entails on man, or he in a degree, will disqualify himself for some
of

of its necessary duties.—His courage is often dependant on a temporary insensibility.—It is two o'clock," said he.

"By mid-day," then returned his friend, "we shall be at the garrison."

A little bustle in the out-house where the soldiers were lodged, occasioned the young men snatching up their pistols, and enquiring the cause, all was safe; they returned and seated themselves as before opposite each other at a small table.

Danvers examined his pistols.—"It was well, faith," said he, as he endeavoured to shake out a bullet, "that the defenders did not resist, or I should have stood

"And he had forgotten to tell me,"—And he had then stepped to the table before him. Three of the Emissaries were also there.

"At this moment came to me," said Thompson, "that this day twenty-five years my eyes first opened on the world, at twenty minutes past two I was born, not an hour any less, I was first baptized to you, Father, on the banks of the Colorado, some one hundred and twenty miles from the mouth of the river. The day was calm, and the sun shone on the water with a brilliant glow. The water was so clear, and the air so pure, and the sun so bright, that I was the first to see the world as it is."

clap on the shoulder, and introduced *you*. Do you not recollect it, Danvers?"

"Well," he replied.

"Whether my heart was rendered more susceptible by the contemplation of the sublime objects before me, or that there is a fascination in some countenances, a sympathy, a presentiment, or what you please, that attracts one *being* irresistibly to another, I will not determine; but I can never forget that from the day I first knew *you*, your society has been one of my choicest pleasures."

"May that pleasure," said Danvers eagerly, "*end only* with my life. Accept my thanks for the *good*, the *happiness* you have imparted to me; may our friendship
increase

increase with our years ; and may I every day grow more worthy your affection."

As he pronounced the last wish, he extended his hand across the table, as if to ratify his *sincerity* ; in doing it, by some means that cannot be accounted for, the pistol he thought uncharged went off, and its contents were lodged in the body of his *friend*, whose hand he eagerly grasped, and whose convulsive gripe he could only be released from, by the weight of his body as he sunk into the chair.

Why the man he most loved on earth, and whose heart responded ardent affection should direct the fatal blow, and by it precipitate himself into woe indescribable,

it becomes not a dark-sighted mortal to enquire! Nature may be allowed her tribute of lamentation; but amidst her deepest wailings, *let us remember*, that tho' the ways of Providence are dark and intricate, yet not a sparrow falls to the ground without his permission, and that not a dispensation is awarded us but *is right*.

To give, then, the simple relation of what followed is *all* that is necessary—every feeling mind will afford appropriate reflections, and the spontaneous flow of our own hearts is more effectual than would be the eloquence of the most enlightened moralist.

The

The first effect the dreadful event had on the mind of Danvers stiffened his frame—his faculties seemed bound up in horror; that rendered him mute—no trace of recollection remained: but as his hand lost the pressures of his wounded friend, sensation returned, recollection became pointed, and delirium succeeded.—His friend, though faint, was collected; the anguish of Danvers was more his concern than his own desperate state; with an effort, that in such a situation affection only could have enabled him to make, he seized the pistols on the table, and with them made a violent noise that brought to his assistance some men from without.—When they came, Danvers was dashing his head against the wall.

"Take charge of my dear friend," said the wounded youth, with all the energy of his soul, "and dispatch a messenger to the garrison to tell Rodolpho I am wounded." They secured the pitiable Danvers—the effort was too much—poor Thompson fainted.—This was the state of these virtuous, but unfortunate young men, when the messenger came to the garrison.

When Rodolpho and Horatio arrived with the surgeon at the cottage, Thompson was collected; quite regardless of his own desperate situation, every feeling of his soul was engaged for the unfortunate Danvers.—He stretched out his hand to Rodolpho.

"I am

"I am glad you are come; now all will go well: look at my poor friend; comfort and sooth him; *he* is the object of compassion.—Alas! poor fellow! I know the tenderness of his nature, the warmth of his friendship: peace is fled for ever from his bosom, I fear: Tell him, my friend, it is *I* who have murdered his happiness—have produced all this sorrow. It was my taking a retrospect of the past, called forth his feelings, and excited the wish to press my hand; and during that motion the pistol went off. Tell him, my friend, my soul feels only for *him*; could I see him calm, my agitation would cease."

The surgeon requested he would not speak, that every new agitation would increase the present bleeding, and future pain of the wound.

Rodolpho

Rodolpho and Therston led poor Danvers out, with some difficulty.—The removing him produced a violent delirium, and they were obliged to use measures to confine him, that almost tore asunder the heart of Therston, who remained with him in the out-house, using every means friendship and tenderness could devise to calm him :—This second paroxysm of delirium was more violent than the first ; the apparent torpidity in which he had fallen for a short time before Rodolpho's arrival, seemed to have given added strength to his present exertions ; he was an object of the deepest compassion.

While the surgeon was examining the wound, and disposing of poor Thompson

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in the litter Rodolpho had provided, he frequently lifted his eyes to heaven, and in a low voice appealed to God for the innocence of his friend, and prayed he might be restored to peace.

Rodolpho spent not a moment in vain lamentation—he spoke comfort *only*, tho' his heart was grieved beyond the power of expression. How elevated must be that mind! how sincerely tender that heart, which struggles to conceal its own emotions, and by repelling adds to them, to avoid increasing those of the already afflicted: in such every thing is sacrifice, every thing is indifference to their own gratification.

“ If

"If to appreciate the real advantages of fortune we must have conferred it on those we love, to create the *gift of life*, a *bleffing* we must consecrate (whenever occasion offers) our energies to be useful, our own feelings, to those of others.

However variegated may have been the destiny of the man who has softened the sorrows, or established the peace of a feeling heart, he can never lose sight of happiness;—to that reflection he can retire, when the storms of fate darken his horizon, and be cheered.

It is not in the power of temporal events to lessen, by one atom, the pleasures which active goodness has procured us.—

None

None had a more ample source to apply to than Rodolpho.

Soon all were in motion for the garrison—Rodolpho attended the litter of his friend, and Therston travelled with the unfortunate Danvers, who called on all around him in mercy to shoot him.—He repeatedly endeavoured to destroy himself; and when every means he found were ineffectual, he persisted in refusing the least nourishment, even liquid to moisten his tongue, rendered hard and dry by continually talking, the dreadful energy of his sensations exasperated his brain, and gave him a convulsive strength that enabled him for a time to sustain them:—but his complaints, his enquiries why he should be
accessary

accessary to the death of the man he most loved on earth ;—his denunciations against himself lacerated the heart of Therston nearly beyond endurance; the tear of nature dropt from the eye of every soldier, and dissolved the callous nerves of the poor cottager—one solitary tear stole gently down her withered cheek. Rodolpho would have rewarded her for her hospitality, but she would receive none, yet asked his prayers, that she might soon be with her boys in heaven.

The enduring anguish from his wound, increased by the motion of the litter, Thompson did not utter a complaint, and almost momentarily enquired for the ill-fated

fated Danvers : he had requested Rodolpho to send a messenger to Philadelphia for his mother and sister, and information of the event to his patron.

When they arrived at the garrison, they found all prepared. Mrs. M. met them, and immediately assumed the office of comforter, nurse, and friend.—She called forth all her fortitude, nor indulged in one expression of sorrow, though her heart wept tears of blood. She was tender, but not timid ; her sensibility genuine ; it never robbed her of her fortitude, nor destroyed the elasticity of her soul : like a tennis ball, that springs in proportion to the blow it receives, her mind rose with the occasion, and she became capable of efforts, that

that in contemplation she would have judged beyond her powers.

If those who for want of reflecting on the importance of resolution in emergencies, have rendered their minds timid, would in their calm moments consider, that the next may come fraught with circumstances that will render exertion a duty, we should not so often have cause to lament evils in domestic life, which *presence of mind* could prevent. Our sensibility sometimes, without perhaps our being conscious of it, degenerates into self-love, and to relieve our own feelings we give way to lamentation, instead of exerting ourselves to relieve. The wound had been only superficially examined at the
cottage

cottage, but from symptoms, the surgeon judged it had touched the lungs; a second examination confirmed the idea that the amiable Thompson was mortally wounded.

Mrs. Marshall attended the surgeon, with the conviction that it was her duty, and the resolution which religion inspires.

Rodolpho assisted to support his friend, who held his hand during the operation, and sometimes opened his languid eyes, and looked on him with affection and thankfulness. The surgeon finding all efforts would be vain, put him to as little pain as possible, that his dissolution might not be accelerated one moment. When

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he was replaced in his bed, with much calmness he asked, how many hours he had to live?—Twenty-four at the most was the painful reply. He was silent a moment; and then pressing the hand of Rodolpho——

“ ’Tis hard,” said he, “ so young, so happy, and so fair my prospects, thus early to quit them: but ‘ God’s will be done.’ Not a murmur escaped his lips. “ Comfort poor Danvers, Rodolpho; tell him with my dying breath I blessed him, and that he is dearer to me than ever—that I feel for him *more* than for myself.

Therston and the unfortunate ensign did not arrive for some hours after the litter:

he

he was again fallen into an insensible state; his eyes appeared ready to burst from their sockets, and the unconscious tears chased each other down his pale cheeks.—Therston led him to an apartment, and left him under tender attention to visit the dying youth:—his mother and sister were now arrived, but here description fails!—the scene was too highly wrought for the pen of the writer to delineate; the feelings of Nature at such an hour are far beyond the power of language! but the heart of a tender mother, who has looked up to a darling and virtuous son, as the support and happiness of her declining days, and the future protector of an orphan daughter, will supply the insufficiency of language; and feel that no temporal event, however

replete with this world's good, can give consolation :— She must look beyond it.

He retained his senses till he had given his mother the consoling assurance, that the hope of eternal peace animated his heart, and softened the pang of separation, received her mournful blessing, felt the maternal and filial tear fall on his cheek, and heard their prayers for his immortal happiness. Soon after this tender tribute was paid, the delirium came on, and his imagination was filled with Danvers ; and till that heart ceased to beat which had been the sanctuary of every manly and tender virtue : He continued assuring him of his forgiveness, and praying for his happiness.

It

It was unfortunate that his noble patron was at such a distance from the garrison, that he did not arrive till some hours after the decease of Thompson.

As soon as Rodolpho introduced himself, the young and virtuous General desired to be allowed to see his friend.—Rodolpho attended him—he looked some time mournfully at the inanimate body—took his cold hand within his, and then pressed it to his heart. Excess of sorrow seemed for a while to benumb sensation.—When recollection cleared, he said, in a tone of melancholy, *it is inevitable*, and tries my fortitude I own to its full compass; but I'll not fail; thou art gone, my friend, ere I could prove how I loved thee! Thy

memory shall be ever dear to me, and to ~~shall~~ be those thou didst love on earth ;— I will be a son to thy mother, and a brother to thy sister ;—I will transfer the interest I felt in *thy* happiness to *them*.— There was something inexpressibly soothing in this resolve to the heart of the young Augustus : It seemed to produce a sensation which may be expressed by that beautiful line of the poet—

“ Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown.”

He now heard the relation of circumstances which accelerated the sad event, and paid a tribute of compassion to the unfortunate Danvers. —

“ None,”

"None," said he, "knew the virtues of these ill-fated men more than myself; the few I possess I owe to their example."

They took a parting view of the sacred remains; and with hearts filled with tender sorrow, every sluice of compassion open, they went to visit the wretched Danvers.—Therlton was with him—he had never quitted him, but to take a last leave of the lamented Henry. Scarcely a moment had been yet given by either of our soldiers, to an exchange of tenderness with the beings they most loved on earth. In souls of superior cast the calls of humanity take precedence *even* of those of love; or perhaps, more justly speaking, virtuous love gave them a stronger in-

centive to discharge the duties of society ; for what mind of intelligence can fail to discover in a virtuous passion the germ of every feeling, that reflects dignity and distinction on our species ? They found Danvers returned to a degree of consciousness ; his mind, exhausted with excess of feelings, was now sunk into a state of cold and silent despair. If a distant ray of hope essayed to cheer him, it vanished at the touch of recollection. Every thing that friendship, compassion, and generosity could say or devise, to ameliorate his woe, was said to him, but in vain ; comfort he could not admit ; his mind, by nature vigorous and expanded, would have stood uninjured the assault of common misfortune, which in a degree belong to all ; resistance would have

have strengthened with the attack, and he would have struggled to have subdued adversity with her own weapons ; but here all was dark, desolate ; not one point was left in the dreary waste of his mind, on which to repose : its elasticity was lost, absolutely lost. Deep rooted despair often renders its victim in a great degree passive ; uninterested in extrinsic circumstances, so long as it retains the independence of ruminating on its gloomy hoard, it is careless of ought else, he therefore consented quietly that the noble Augustus should dispose of his commission, and regulate his future destiny.

Mrs. Marshall, by her tender attentions to the widowed mother, listening to the

expression of her sorrow, and joining in encomiums on the virtues of the deceased, and sometimes gently pointing her thoughts to his present happiness as a consolation, lulled her sorrows into partial composure. There is no greater proof of a benevolent heart than listening with patience to the garrulity of sorrow.

The young Amelia had the tender sympathy of Antonia and Selina. Antonia's animated piety met the warm imagination of Amelia, and by conversing on their separate experience of sorrow, they imperceptibly lessened its poignancy. There is no receipt so infallible to soften our own affliction, in some situations, as seeking an immediate occasion of ameliorating those

of

of others. The amiable and noble Augustus and our soldiers had an ample source, and they extracted from it a balm beyond the power of events to destroy.

The next object of the cares of these noble minded youths was the widowed mother and orphan sister of their friend : with a generosity equal to his power Augustus resolved to place them beyond the reach of common circumstances that distress, and more than equal to what they had received from the hand of filial piety. He suffered the first gust of anguish by the advice of Mrs. M. to subside, ere he saw the afflicted mother and sister. When they met a thousand recollections embittered the moments :— Mrs. Thompson paid a tribute

tribute of pity to the accumulated woes of Danvers——

“What is my sorrow to his,” said she. “Comfort him, said my fainted child;—tell him I died blessing him, and shall I not pity him, tho’ his hand unconsciously directed the blow?”

Soon arrived the hour in which the last sad office was to be performed. What a moment is that when the world closes for ever on every vestige of the form of him whom we loved, and whose voice was the herald of affection to our hearts! When the last earth rattles on his coffin, the blood seems to retreat from the heart——

every

every remaining object sinks in our estimation, and the insufficiency of human grandeur, to satisfy a being who possesses an immortal spirit, flashes on the heart, and we become sensible, that virtue is the only good.

The tear of anguish fell from the eyes of the noble Augustus and our soldiers ;—those tears which the ancients collected in a consecrated urn.—Such was the veneration with which they viewed the august spectacle of human sorrow ! Every military honour was paid the virtuous youth—but the tribute of feeling that fell from the eye of each soldier as he fired his piece—the heaving breast and deep-fetched sigh of his friends, were more valuable tributes

to

to his merit: even those honours, (tho' dear to the heart of a soldier) or would be the loftiest column human ingenuity can raise.

The morning after the funeral, the young General conducted the mother and sister of his departed friend to Philadelphia, and the day after the garrison party were to repair to that city, the regiment, as hath been said, having been ordered for embarkation the following week.

The tender and sad circumstances under which Mrs. Marshall and the afflicted mother had met, created a greater interest of affection between them than would their limited knowledge of each other, had

had pleasure been the attraction. Sorrow softens the heart, and corrects its acerbities; it is then we enter into its *hame*, analyze its emotions, and cling closer to our species. Jealousy and envy, parents of human enmity, lay dead in our hearts; we seek the consolation of sympathy—become sensible, that from virtue only we can receive it; our perception is purified, and becomes microscopic, to discover the least indication, and appreciate its value.

The adieus of the youthful female trio were tender—they were never to forget each other: that it was possible to forget Amelia and her sorrows, was an idea the ardent mind of Antonia could not form;—the image of misfortune, in whatever aspect

peel it appeared, haunted her imagination, tore her heart, and claimed her *attention*, her *love*.

"I can never forget Amelia," said she; "seas may separate us of immeasurable distance—mountains may rise between us, but thought can destroy distance. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, I can be with *her*, and she with *me*.—Selina's heart was as tender and lively as Antonia's; but a more restrained education tempered her expression. A distant hope of meeting again in England cheered them at parting, and softened their regrets.

The military duty of Rodolpho and Horatio occupied them till late in the eve of
their

their departure; they had not one moment to dedicate to love and friendship; but when leisure came, the tide of tenderness with rapturous delight flowed round their hearts,—every joy seemed doubled.

The soothing of love are a specific that blunts the edge of sorrow, abstracted from itself, and the sensation that succeeds the first sharpness of grief is rendered more pleasing than painful. Youthful minds are not constructed to retain sorrow; the bow cannot be kept for ever on the stretch, new regrets were now to succeed.

When Mrs. Marshall, after all was arranged, cast the parting look on the scene of her pleasure that familiarity endeared,
and

and tender recollection made interesting, she was sensible of an adversity of feeling, *new and painful*.—She had there known the greatest sorrow of her life, the death of her loved husband :—She had there suffered persecution; numerous less important privations; but that did not efface the remembrance of the rapturous hours she had spent with that endeared friend of her heart, and the pleasurable years she had passed in watching over and cultivating the rising virtues of his orphan daughter. She dropt the tear of gratitude, as she caught the last glimpse, for the good she had received, and forgot the evil.

Selina's feelings were, on such objects, the echo of her mother's; tho' they were less

less durable, [Horatio's tenderness turned the tide into a more animating course.— Antonia's enthusiasm on the subject was renewed ; but the recess in the wood was the spot her imagination dwelt on ; to Rodolpho she enumerated every tender act of her uncle's ; recollected and described her first arrival at the cottage ; not a circumstance that interested her was forgotten.

“ It seems ungrateful to quit the land that gave me birth, and the spot where I first was taught to love virtue,” said she ; “ there is not a flower nor a shrub round that cottage but I am indebted to for pleasure. They are now withered and neglected ; there it was I first saw you, Ro-

dolpho, and my young inexperienced heart admitted an emotion that now makes the happiness of my life."

These regrets were natural to a lively, warm imagination, and a tender heart, but they were soon softened by the tenderness of Rodolpho, and the new scenes in which Antonia was soon engaged, yet they were never effaced: early principles and ideas that have been produced by virtuous emotions are seldom entirely destroyed. She never on her most joyous and matured days talked of America, but the recess in the wood, the sacred spot that contained the ashes of her uncle and the cottage, scene of her innocent delights, forced the mingled

mingled tear of gratitude and regret into her eye.

It has been in these pages observed, that local attachments are ridiculed, said to be the feelings only of narrow hearts, and it may be added, it is fortunate that denomination alters not the nature of things.

Orders had been issued for the embarkation of the troops on the third day after their arrival in Philadelphia. Every thing had been previously arranged on board for their comfort and accommodation, by the request of Rodolpho and Horatio, whose agents ever found their diligence and punctuality amply compensated by the generosity of their employers. The noble

Augustus met them at Philadelphia, and from him they understood, that Mrs. Thompson and Amelia were at present a few miles out of town, and that the sympathy of an old friend, at whose house they were, softened their sorrows. He conveyed from them to our amiable and sympathizing party, every grateful and affectionate remembrance, and confirmed their hopes, (excepting unforeseen [events prevented] of meeting in England at the expiration of the war, which at this period was looked forward to as soon probable.

On the morrow after the arrival of Augustus, and the second of theirs in Philadelphia, the engagements of love were

were ratified by the sacred tie of marriage; the young general performed the part of father to the brides.

The mind of man is not framed to endure the delirium of joy or sorrow, without injury, and those transient shades that pass o'er the heart during our happiest moments are no doubt correctives, that temper, and enable us to sustain "the many coloured experience of life."

Who is there, though surrounded with every temporal blessing, that can render life desirable in the estimate of the multitude, whose breast do not even during the moments of fancied enjoyment heave the sigh of regret for something yet unpossessed?

ferred?—Recollection, tender recollection, calls up the form of some loved and departed being, whose congratulations and sympathy would have rendered our pleasure more lively; or there may be still one existing, whose sorrows are beyond our power of mitigating. These convictions temper the feelings, and prevent that exultation and pride of heart which man would feel, could he say, my happiness is built on a rock of safety; 'the clouds of fortune pass beneath my horizon.

No heart ever felt the truth of this observation more forcibly than did that of each of our party, whose happiness had no other alloy.—The deceased Thompson, and
the

the miserable Danvers were present in every heart; every breast heaved a sigh of sorrow; every eye paid the tribute of a tear, to the memory of the one, and the woes of the other.

Augustus had provided him an asylum, and disposed every thing for his accommodation beyond the reach of temporal events. He was become passive, his sorrow quiet, but corroding, such as gradually consumes the frame. The only request he made was, that none of his former friends might visit him; that every eye impregnated with a tear, would give a new pang of sorrow to his heart.

"For were not his friends mine," said he, "and have they not, by my accursed hand lost that which can never be supplied?"

He wrote to his connexions in England, *that* his resolution never to quit America was immoveable; and he requested by Augustus, that Rodolpho would deliver his letters, and *benevolently* endeavour to reconcile them to his resolves, and to add his intreaties, that they would commit the memory of him and his sorrows to oblivion. The visits of Augustus was the only indulgence he allowed himself;—to *him* he poured out the bitterness of his soul, unconscious, perhaps, that he

was

was keeping alive the sorrows of his friend.

It will not be difficult for those who have considered in love but the sentiment, because it alone converts the inclination into a passion, to imagine the happiness of our youthful pairs.

Mrs. Marshall had often related her early experience to Selina, and she would then touch on the conduct she had adopted during her union ; as it had assisted to produce the felicity she had enjoyed.— Gentleness and forbearance seemed to be the base ; and I believe there is scarcely a male heart that such adoption will not soften. We wander out of our path, when

when we enter on that of violence and anger. Antonia had once been her auditor ; her receptive mind admitted and retained the precepts she taught. There was no quality that novel circumstances called out, nor counsel, that experience and wisdom gave, but she instantly appreciated. No adventitious feelings that the world gives checked the dictates of truth in her heart, nor clouded her perception.

With a clear sky, favourable winds, and swelling sails, emblematic of our early entrance on the voyage of life, our party embarked on the wide expanse of waters. Augustus attended them on board ; a cordial engagement of renewing and increasing their intimacy in England was sealed

sealed at parting, by an impulse of the heart, and a pressure of the hand. When he returned on shore, he watched the vessel till its broad full sail diminished to a point, and till that point was lost in distance ; he then uttered an ardent wish for their prosperous voyage, and his heart being softened to tenderness, at parting with friends introduced by such uncommon and melancholy circumstances, he visited the wretched Danvers, and listened to his lamentations.

The ocean was a new and sublime object to Antonia and Selina ; they regarded it with awful wonder. Whenever a brisk gale agitated the waters, if absent, they would return to the deck, watch its undulating

dalating motion, and their hearts would look up with admiration to him, who holds the ocean as a drop of water, and the earth as a grain of sand; and then pour forth their thanks for their preservation.

When Rodolpho pointed out the white cliffs of Dover to his friends, his joy could only be equalled by Horatio's. *They were returning* to scenes which parental love had endeared, and *early friendships*, and infantine sports made interesting.— Mrs. Marshall was thrown on a strange land; every tie but one snapped that had made up the pleasures of her past life.— She was now going to begin the world anew, at a period the heart seeks for more solid
delights

delights than those of novelty. New friendships, novel scenes, awaited her acceptance and regard; but, alas! the old ones could not be effaced, and according to our usual experience, their privation gave them greater value on recollection. There is a peculiar propensity in the heart of man to retain the remembrance, and value the joys of his childhood and youth. Nay, the remembrance of the sorrows of that season is more pleasing than painful; for with it is associated, the recollection of how light was their impression, how quickly they gave place to pleasure.

Are they thus strongly reflected on our mental retina, because they were then untainted by envy, avarice, and a train of vile

vile passions, that assail us in our riper years? or is it that gratitude is one of our earliest impulses, and *impresses our* experience, beyond the power of factitious qualities, which we gather up in our journey through the world, to erase.

Mrs. Marshall was pleased with the prospect of the British shore. It seemed to her a beautiful and luxuriant garden; but it was her sight only that was gratified. America still held its empire in her heart. The idea that she should never see it more, that her affections, as once she hoped, would not blend with those of her departed husband, was a corroding reflection, that shaded her heart with melancholy as she sat alone on the deck.

Our

Our soldiers with the animated pencil of youth drew plans for futurity, to dissipate reflection in the minds of the beautiful and amiable friends. Antonia would often revert to the past, and as she viewed the cultivated fields, and Rodolpho pointed out the beauties of the prospect, she would exclaim "Alas! my dear Rodolpho, how would the tasteful mind of my dear uncle have enjoyed these scenes, and participated in Antonia's happiness!"

When they arrived at the great city, the emporium of the world, that stands unrivalled in the annals of time, Antonia was lost in *wonder*—Selina in *admiration*. The mind of the latter was more prepared for the scenes that awaited her: She enjoyed

enjoyed and understood them more.—Antonia was too much astonished to be pleased. The love of nature in her simple attire, and her calm pleasures, was still the passion of her heart: for a moment she thought of the wood in her *native land*, and sighed.

“I hope, Rodolpho,” said she, as they were driving through the city, “your residence is not in this croud; let us live in some of those beautiful gardens we saw as we travelled, where the flowers grow, and the birds sing; there I can train the woodbine to climb up my window, as I did at the dear cottage in the wood;—inhale the scent of the sweet blushing rose, and offer my morning and evening thanks for

the

the blessings I enjoy (in your love) with nature's choristers, as I was used to do."

Selina had a greater taste, for what is called life, than the maid of the wilderness; the tumult of the city, the numerous carriages, the busy countenances, enlivened, and amused her. She was perpetually admiring, wondering, approving, and disliking, as the various objects and appearances attracted or repelled her approbation, as they passed in review before her.

The ardour of filial affection made our soldiers impatient for the moment of meeting their loved friends.—"How many sweet,—how many new sensations will you, my Selina, give birth to in the heart

of my father," said Horatio, "Alas! my mother died in giving me birth; but here," said he, pressing the hand of Mrs. Marshall, "I have found one."

Antonia as they travelled had often expressed a fear, that the mother of Rodolpho would not approve her. This idea did not arise from a consciousness of deficiency; for she always acted up to the perceptions of truth in her heart; and that is the whole which is required of us; but her yet limited intercourse with society had presented such different manners from her's, that she doubted her capabilities of joining in it, without exciting ridicule and censure.

Young and sensitive minds are minute observers of manners; the more limited

our

our experience of the world, the more forcibly every inconsistency affects us. The machine of the human mind is constituted of various emotions, and like that of human life, which in all its parts is systematically connected, admits not an additional member, but may be readily detected by an accurate observer; so the pure heart, whose every action flows from the unadulterated fountain of the feelings, discovers, and is affected by the factitious appearance of sorrow and sensibility, which they meet with as their experience of the world increases.

Antonia could not understand why the friends of Mrs. Marshall, who called to take leave of her at the departure, uttered deep expressions of sorrow and regret,

with smiling countenances and unagitated voices; and every sentence they spoke was arranged in due order, as if they had been composed ready for the occasion.— She feared she had much to learn, and that if she acquired it, however greatly it might modify her manners, and qualify her for *general* society, it would make her unhappy, by introducing restraint so painful to a virtuous heart, that was anxious to express itself, and yield to the correction of more experienced integrity.

Rodolpho was qualified to reconcile her to herself, and his most lively hope was, that Antonia would never change; conscious how much she would lose in interest if she adopted the manners of polished females, who reflected too often only deception.

“What

"What will be my rapture," said Rodolpho, "when I feel the pressure of maternal arms, and see you, my dear Antonia, pressed to the bosom of a mother, whose heart is the temple of virtue.—She will estimate thy enchanting manners; thy feeling and tender language will enter her heart, makes an interest *there*, and teach thee to value *thyself*."

"Our soldiers had, by letter, given a description of the guests they were going to introduce. A lover's pen is not an infallible; it may be imagined what idea they wished to convey; and they were writing to parents who were ready to give credit, for they had never been deceived. Happy children! thrice happy parents!—

Horatio!

Horatio had received his father's sanction to his marriage ere he left America ; had it not been so, Mrs. M. would not have consented to the union of Horatio with her daughter. She rightly conceived every parent had the right, both from nature and morality, to a voice in so important an act.

Rodolpho had written to his mother a monthly journal of his experience and conduct from the day he left her ; and such had been his demeanor and pursuits, from his earliest years, that she had an implicit confidence in his judgment ; and every action proved that her reliance was well placed. To *express* his wishes was to ensure her compliance.

And

And now each parent anxiously longed for the moment of meeting; friendship first united their children, from the influence and example of *that* which subsisted between them. The same packet had conveyed the intelligence of the period of their embarkation; the same post from where they landed conveyed the welcome news, that such a day they should meet.—

The father of Horatia waited the happy moment, at the house of Rodolpho's mother.—They must arrive at it, a few minutes sooner, as it lay in the road.—Important moments to a parent expecting to embrace a loved, and long absent son!

“For expectation leads the wings of time.”

The moment arrived; the cup of joy was filled—*overflowed*.—Now, gentle reader,

reader, may the affectionate emotions of thy own heart supply my deficiencies.—

The sorrows of a mother at *losing* a beloved and amiable son, I have declared beyond the feeble powers of my pen to delineate, though my heart has felt the agony. The exquisite emotions of a mother,

attending a beloved son, glowing in health, guided by virtue and honour, and happy beyond the common lot of mortals,—I am equally incapable of giving thee an idea of by any arrangement of words.—

To thy own feeling heart then I commit thee, with the assurance, that however rapturous thy experience, it cannot exceed what was felt by the mother of *Rodolpho*, and the father of *Horatio*.

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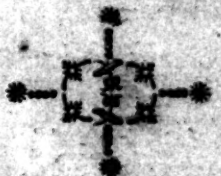
SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

B Y

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